

Such Things should never be spoken.

by The Bud

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Summary: I wrote this so I could try to learn format on a friends computer at three a.m.

Such Things should never be spoken.

Disclaimer. None of the Marvel(r) people are mine. I am little more than a first year college student.

nothing I have is worth going to court over except my cat. Please don't sue me. I'm stupid.

This fanfic takes place as a "what if" after Wolverine(tm) #90. If you havn't read it, I suggest

that doing so would greatly inhance your comic expereances at an expotenal rate.

much thanks to you and yours, yer ol' pal, The Bud.

Such things should never be spoken.

The words that escaped Victor's rancid mouth ring back in my years more and more these days. I shoulda ripped his fraggin' throat out eons ago.

I was alone in the mansion trusted by 'Ro ta look after Creed for the night, that damn night! I was such a fuckin' coward. First I swich rooms fer tha evening

because o' Sabertooth's stench polluting the dense air. HA.. Who'da thunk it? Me with the case of the willes 'cause o some sick fuck I musta thrown down on and won a thosand times.

But I go check and see that he's content as a kitten anyway 'cause Ifn I didn't , My ass was Storm's canvas and tha lighting was the paint.

Ol' 'Tooth ain't near as dumb as he let on. I get down there and lo and behold if it wasn't a miracl that lil shit had the force feild on the containment

unit shot to hell and was waitin fer me with that God damned smug grin plastered to his face challengeing me to fight.

"If you let me go.." he said " I'll kill all them frails you been sweet on." Just to goad me about the one woman that I would willingly bleed my soul to death for on a cross

had married another man, Creed sneers at me telling me "I'll start with that upity Jean Grey". Then to insult my return to humanity, he threatens the woman who saved me from

myself bragging "then I'll mosy on up to Canada and do that to Heather Hudson". I stand there taking his insults like a man while doing my best to stay in control. Then

he does his breaking blow with " I can't wait 'till I getsta ripps up them young ones like Jubilee and Kitty Pryde". Normaly I woulda flayed his ass right there no quarter asked

but, I stopped. I called his bluff and in a puddle of my own sweat, puke and blood, I let him go.

This mistake will resound in my mind until I die an' tha' ain't fer a very long time. Six months with no incident passed and I relaxed and took him as an empty threat.

Seven months and nothing so I relax and at eight months the very night I quit making rounds like a paranoid watch dog,

Bound and true in pure Sabertooth style he came to full fill his promise. As I was walking in the gardens to Scott and Jean's converted boat house home, happy as a lark can be,

Two familiar scents mingle with one I've known intimately in my long berserker career. She must not have been dead long, I realize as I take her

ransacked body from the tree. Sabertooth, big cat like hid his prey in the branches of the garden where I fell hard in love with the now

broken form limp in my arms. I remember how warm I felt with her live spirited loving body held tightly to me but now I feel cold. With a hunter's

knife, Creed sets the kicker. A note stained crimson and barely legible stabbed through her heart reads. "Never had better". Thats all. Nothing.

With her life over and dripping on me from the tree branch and her delicate body, I run clutching Jean to the mansion where Hank tells me what I already know an

there'snuthin goin about that. Xaiver and I try like maniacs to call Heather, Kitty and Jubes to warn them to try to protect them the way

we failed Jean. Scott, that bastard

never realized what happened when Jeannie never showed after her five O'clock jogging session. Fucking bastard has no right to weep.

Hours passed before we could contact the remains of Alpa flight. When Heather picked up the comm, and while I relayed what had happened, I got to see first hand what my

Chicken shitting had gotten my friends. James head rolled accross the floor and as Heather screamed,I got to see her slowly die with that fucker on her through

a red soaked screen. I could only think about how I shoulda put my claw through that punk asses head months ago.

After the funerals, we kept Kitty and Jubilee with us at the mansion. But I can't be there all the time

and the events of this week, no matter how hard I try will never be over and Home will never be safe for Kitty, Jubes, me or any of us ever again.

Because I chickened out like a candy assed wimp.

End
file.